

[Transcription begins]

#46 Monday afternoon 7-16-44

Dear Douglas--All quiet along the Potomac--in other words, Daryl is peacefully napping (should be good for an hour and a half) Marilyn has gone to Red Cross--Chip is in his basket and Bing is presumably asleep under the lilac bush for it is warm and sunny out and he looked quite drowsy. The heart of the family is, of course, down town competing with various Hebrew gentlemen in the jewelry market.

Saturday night the Hards & Buffums drifted over to enjoy the comfortable furniture and cool of our garden & with them brought a most interesting three page letter from Tommie. He has been on one hospital ship, two hospital trains and in three hospitals. He had luckily packed his pigskin bag with his most valuable possessions including electric razor & travel clock & left it on shore. He had on his person his fountain pen & pencil & all his money, most of it in the form of traveler's checks. (I meant to ask you long ago if they wouldn't be a good idea for you to have.) But I should judge he was oil drenched & speaks now of his heels being his worst casualty & Dad thinks that sounds like an explosion under his feet. He is very cheerful, speaks very lightly of the efficiency of the British & American organization. Mrs. Buffums [sic] thinks his present address is so temporary that it will pay to wait for a later and more permanent one. Will keep you informed.

Pardon if I repeat news, I cannot always remember whether events happened before or after my latest letter to you. Jimmy Dennis' mother called me to say how pleased she is to have received your V-mail. Jimmy has taken over the camp cooking & writes there are four other Cranston High boys with him.

Dad & I spent the week end quietly at Coles--no company and enjoyed it. Saturday we picked up Mr. And Mrs. Jones at Edgewater Beach & then had supper at Geo. Huston's [indecipherable] but Mrs. Huston & her sister make all the desserts & pastry & they try to serve & flavor just as they have in their own home. Then we returned to Edgewater Beach for a short sessions of "Michigan."

Dad sold the row boat Sunday for \$35 and thinks he made a wise move for it was only deteriorating under the porch. And that transaction brings me to the next subject. We are thinking seriously of selling the piano. There are so many war workers now able to give their children piano lessons that the instruments are bringing fabulous prices & we feel it would be smart to sell now, put the money in the bank or bonds and after the war, re-invest in one of the new small ones which would take up so much less space in our little living room. Do you agree or would you feel badly to have us do this? We are hoping to have the rooms papered in September & would like to get it out of here by then.

Bill came home this week end--still on the desk job at Sandwich, waiting. Geo. Jones happened along the highway in Taunton & picked him up, not recognizing him & asked what part of Providence he wanted to reach & Bill replied, "Right next door to you, Mr. Jones, I married your neighbor!" Mr. Jones was so surprised not to have known him &

let Bill leave him at the ware-house & take the car up here & then picked it up later. As soon as he arrived home he immediately went over to the sales room & bought another car. He can easily re-sell it when his transfer comes.

Barbara Fleck Keck (horrors) has a baby daughter Bonnilyn born this week. Edna Lane has a son three weeks old!

Tonight after Dad arrives home we will drive down to Palumbo's on Warwick Avenue & buy [a] ½ bushnel [sic] of yellow string beans. Said beans to be put up by yours [indecipherable].

Wednesday night the Hards, Buffums & Leaches expect to attend another session of the stock company at the Play-House "Petticoat Fever."

Larry Millard was at Coles Sunday with his present heart throb, Betty Lamphear of Gaspee Plateau. Larry is on a ten day vacation from the armed forces & on his return will be assigned somewhere in the infantry.

We tell everyone proudly of your ship's new decoration. Last week's Life had a most interesting account of one of the engagements in the South Pacific, possibly you were right there and when home can give us your own eyewitness account. It looks as tho the Allies were advancing surely altho slowly on every front and who knows "Germany may fall with the leaves." Once we get out of the Cherbourg stopper and into the open it seems as tho we would advance in the open quite rapidly.

Did I write you that Marilyn has been loaned a white picket play pen about ten feet square so that Daryl has more room to run around outdoors than when confined to her first play pen. If we let her run free she starts right for Pines' yard for the sand box --that is the next thing we have in store for her.

During the summer we do not play the radio nor phonograph so much but spend more time outside.

Dad is mailing you today a book of clever "take-offs" on Sherlock Holmes just put out by the Book-of-the-Month Club. Knowing that you had recently been much interested in his yarns, I think you will enjoy these.

Young Hartley Roberts has just had an operation for chronic mastoid--very painful but he is doing all right. He cannot return to work for three months nor play his musical instruments which is quite a hardship for him. I think [indecipherable] for his saxophone alone & I think he owns two other somewhat similar hors. But he expects to be able to start in at the New England Conservatory in October.

Poor Chip has torn his claw again. Do you remember how he used to do that & come to you for sympathy? The claw finally drops off and then a new one grows.

Daryl as well as duty calls, so enough for now. We hope that you are keeping well--ever have any sign of sinus? We are crossing off another week on the calendar showing you that much nearer home.

Love from us all

Mother [Transcription ended]